

In Recital

Mark Cahoon, bass baritone

assisted by

Carmen Letourneau, piano

Saturday, March 22, 2003 at 8:00 pm



**Arts Building
University of Alberta**



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

If Music Be the Food of Love (first version) (1692-1695)	Henry Purcell
Wondrous Machine (From <i>Ode on St. Cecilia's Day</i>) (1692)	(1659-1695)
Next, Winter Comes Slowly (From <i>The Fairy Queen</i>) (1689)	
Music For a While (From <i>Oedipus</i>) (1692)	
Hence with Your Trifling Deity! (From <i>Timon of Athens</i>) (1694)	

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)	Robert Schumann
(text by Heinrich Heine, 1797-1856)	(1810-1856)
1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai	
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen	
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube	
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'	
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen	
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome	
7. Ich grolle nicht	

Ich habe genug (From <i>Ich habe genug</i> , BWV 82) (1727)	Johann Sebastian Bach
	(1685-1750)

Adam Garvin, oboe

Intermission

Chansons de Don Quichotte (1931)	Jacques Ibert
1. Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte (text by Pierre de Ronsard)	(1890-1962)
2. Chanson à Dulcinée (text by Alexandre Arnoux)	
3. Chanson du Duc (text by Alexandre Arnoux)	
4. Chanson de la Mort de Don Quichotte (text by Alexandre Arnoux)	

Let Us Garlands Bring (1939)	Gerald Finzi
(text by William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)	(1901-1956)
1. Come Away, Come Away, Death	
2. Who Is Sylvia?	
3. Fear No More the Heat o' The Sun	
4. O Mistress Mine	
5. It Was a Lover and His Lass	

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Cahoon.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translations

Dichterliebe/Poet's love

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai/In the wondrously beautiful month of May

In the wondrously beautiful month of May, when all the buds burst open, then in my heart love unfolded too. In the wondrously beautiful month of May, when all the birds sang, then I confessed to her my longing and my desire.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen/Out of my tears go forth

Out of my tears go forth many flowers in bloom. And my sighs become a choir of nightingales. And if you are fond of me, little one, I will give you all the flowers, and before your window shall ring the song of the nightingale.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube/The rose, the lily, the dove

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them once all with the rapture of love. I love them no more, I love alone the little one, the fine, the pure, the only one. She herself, the well of all love is rose and lily and dove and sun, I love alone the little one, the fine, the pure, the only one!

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'/When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes, then all my grief and sorrow vanish; but when I kiss your lips, I become all well again. When I lean on your breast, I feel the joy of heaven descending; but when you say: I love you! Then I must weep bitterly.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

5. Ich will meine Seel tauchen/I want to plunge my soul I want to plunge my soul into the cup of the lily; the lily shall breathe resoundingly a song of my beloved. The song shall shiver and tremble, like the kiss from her lips that she has given me once in a wonderfully sweet hour.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

6. Im Rhien, im heiligen Strome/In the Rhine, by the holy stream

In the Rhine, by the holy stream there is mirrored in the waves, with its great Cathedral, the great, holy Cologne. In the Cathedral there is a picture, painted on golden leather; into my life's wilderness it has sent its friendly radiance. Flowers and little angels float around our Blessed Virgin; her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks, resemble my sweetheart's exactly.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

7. Ich grolle nicht/I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break, eternally lost love! I bear no grudge. Though you are shining in your diamonds' splendour, no ray falls into the darkness of your heart. I've known it well for a long time, I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break. For I saw you in my dream. And I saw the darkness in your heart, and saw the snake that feeds upon your heart, I saw, my love, how utterly wretched you are. I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.

Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Ich habe genug/I have now enough

I have now enough. I have now my Saviour, the hope of the faithful within my desiring embrace now enfolded; I have now enough! On him have I gazed, my faith now hath Jesus impressed on my heart; I would now, today yet, with gladness make hence my departure. I have now enough!

Chansons de Don Quichotte/Don Quixote Songs

1. Chanson du Départ de Don Quichotte/Don Quixote's song of farewell

This new castle, this new edifice, dedicated with marble and porphyry, a castle built under love's dominion with heavenly skills, is a fortress, a stronghold against vice, where the virtuous lady can take refuge, she who attracts admiration both physically and spiritually, compelling hearts to pay her homage. This castle is fashioned in such a way that no one can approach its gate unless he, victorious, brave and amorous, has delivered his kith and kin from powerful kings. Unless he is of such worth, no knight, however valiant, will gain entry there.

Translation by Tess Knighton

2. Chanson à Dulcinée/Song to Dulcinea

Each day seems like a year without my Dulcinea. But, in order to sweeten my torpor, love has sketched her face in fountains, in clouds, in each dawn and every flower. Each day seem like a year without my Dulcinea. Now close, now distant, she is the star of my long journey. Her breath travels on the wind as it breezes over the jasmine bushes. Each day seems like a year without my Dulcinea.

Translation by Tess Knighton

3. Chanson du Duc/The duke's song

I want now to sing of the lady of my dreams, who raises me above this corrupt age. Her jewelled heart is undefiled, the rose fades in comparison to her cheeks. For her sake I have embarked on dangerous adventures: I have freed the captive princess, I have vanquished the imposter, exposed the dishonest and conquered the universe to pay her homage. Lady, for whom I travel alone on the earth, who is not taken in by false pretenses, I defend your unrivaled beauty and perfection against any foolhardy knight.

Translation by Tess Knighton

4. Chanson de la Mort de Don Quichotte/Song of the dead Don Quixote

Do not weep, Sancho, do not weep, my faithful servant. Your servant, your master is not dead, he is close to you. He lives in a happy realm where everything is pure and without deceit, that realm so long sought and at last found, where you, my good friend Sancho, will come one day! The books are burnt and reduced to a pile of ashes; if all those books were the cause of my death, I need only one book to make me live. A ghost in life, real in death: such is the strange fate of the wretched Don Quixote.

Translation by Tess Knighton